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HOLIDAY FACTS AND FANCIES

CLARA J. DENTON



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HOLIDAY FACTS

AND

FANCIES

Full yet Simple Explanations of the AMERICAN HOLIDAYS

BY

CLARA J. DENTON

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"Little People's Dialogues," "The Brownie's Quest,"
"Topsy on the Top Floor," "The Program Book."

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HOLIDAYS EXPLAINED

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HOLIDAY FACTS AND FANCIES

January First

NEW YEAR'S DAY

In a far-away land, in a long-ago time, lived some people who were called the Romans.

They were great fighters, and were never so happy as when at war with their neighbors. Then, when they won in the fight, as they generally did, because they had so many well-trained soldiers, they took to themselves the land and everything else belonging to the people who were beaten.

You know, even in these wonderful days of the twentieth century, we are only beginning to think that there may be a better way to settle our troubles with the world than to shed human blood. So it is not strange that they knew no better in those far-off times.

Although these Romans were so warlike they had very lively imaginations, and, as they knew nothing of the one God who rules the universe, they fancied a god or a goddess in almost every-

thing: the wind, the water, the trees, the flowers and so on.

Each god or goddess was given a name, and all of these names with the stories about them fill a good sized book.

It is about one of these gods called Janus that we wish to tell you now. You will see, I am sure, that our month January is named for this god.

All the statues of Janus were made with two faces, one looking forward and one backward, because he represented the beginning of the year and also its end. Then he had a key in his left hand and a scepter in his right hand. The scepter showed his power, the key, that he opened and closed everything.

Since they believed all this about Janus, it was certainly very fitting to call the first month in the year after him, and also to make the first day of that month, which we call "New Year's Day," a time of great feasting and rejoicing.

On this day they gave gifts to their friends, just as we sometimes do now. They were also very careful what they did on this day, believing they would do the same things throughout the year.

They built a temple to Janus and in the



"RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW"

temple they held a great celebration on New Year's Day. There was another strange custom connected with this temple; it had immense gates, and when Rome was at war with another nation these gates stood open, but as soon as peace was declared the gates were closed with great rejoicings.

During the first seven hundred years of the life of the Roman nation these gates were closed but three times, which certainly shows that they loved war better than peace.

There is a story told that at one time the people wanted war very much, but their King wanted peace, and so he steadfastly refused to open the gates. Their great men met with the king and talked and argued the matter over and over, but the king would not give up. While they were thus wasting time and words, suddenly the gates were burst open; then, of course, the king gave up, for they all agreed that it was the goddess Juno, the greatest of all the goddesses, who wanted war, and so had to take the thing into her own hands. What do you think about it?

There is something for us to learn in the story of Janus; it shows us that on New Year's Day we ought to stop and think over the mistakes of the past year and then promise our-

selves not to make the same ones in the next year to which we are looking forward.

Another lesson that we may gain from this story is that it is well to keep the doors of our hearts and minds closed against evil words and thoughts, for, if these are kept out we will be saved much sorrow and trouble. So, you see, in that way, closed doors will mean to us peace and quiet, just as it did to the ancient Romans. But you must not think that the ancient Romans were the only people who celebrated New Year's Day. Every country in the world has its own way of rejoicing over the beginning of a new year.

The Chinese nation, which is even older than the Roman nation, makes much of the New Year. These people do not, however, follow our date exactly. Their new year begins several days later than ours, and their celebration reaches out over many days. At this time their houses are decorated with lanterns and gay colors, all work is laid aside, and the people appear on the streets dressed in their best suits. If anyone has no best suit he stays at home and hides, so that no one can see him until the holidays are over. People meeting on the street say, "Kung-hi" — I humbly wish you joy — or "Sui-hi" — May joy be yours — quite like our

"Happy New Year." The men call on each other, but the women take no part in either making or receiving calls. The men receive calls from those below them in society and make calls on those above them. If that were the custom here, any man might call on the mayor of the town, but the poor mayor could not make any calls as he is the highest city officer, unless some of the state or county officers happened to live where he could reach them.

The Japanese new year customs are very like those of the Chinese, except that they have adopted our calendar, and so have their new year holiday begin on January first.

In Scotland the children of poor people go about on New Year's Eve begging bread from door to door, and this is one of the rhymes which they sing:

Hogamananay trollolay
Give us your white bread and none of your gray.

The children are wrapped about with white sheets which they make into a sort of pouch in front, in which they carry whatever is given to them.

Ringing bells on New Year's Eve is an old English custom, which is now carried out in many parts of our own country. In some parts

of England they used to ring muffled bells just before twelve o'clock and then at twelve o'clock they would take off the wrappings and ring the bells loudly. The muffled bells are rung to show grief for the dying year, and the unmuffled ones show joy over the coming of the new year so full of promise. Lord Alfred Tennyson has written some beautiful verses about this custom of ringing the bells. I will quote a few lines. They are taken from a long poem, called "In Memoriam."

Ring out, wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night,
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

In Germany, and also in Russia, much is made of New Year's Eve. The streets are decorated and brilliantly lighted, and the people gather there to make merry. Friends meet, and all are as gay as people can be when they set out to forget their cares.

In Russia, but not in Germany, the people wind up their merry-making near midnight by

going to the church and "watching" for the coming of the new year.

In France and Spain New Year's Day is a time for making gifts, and in Paris it is one of the gayest days of the year.

The Persians give each other eggs on New Year's Day, for just as no one can tell what sort of a chick will come forth from the shell, so no one can tell what events the new year will bring.

The Druids, who were heathen priests living many centuries ago, made presents to people of branches of mistletoe on the first day of the year. It was to them a sacred plant; therefore, to give a piece of it on this day was to bring blessings to the receiver on every day throughout the year.

Our Pilgrim forefathers, about whom you hear so much at Thanksgiving time, did not keep this day in any way. They thought it was wicked to do so because the month with which it begins was named after the heathen god Janus. For the same reason, the Quakers, or Friends, refuse to call this month by its name, January, but instead, speak of it as "First month."

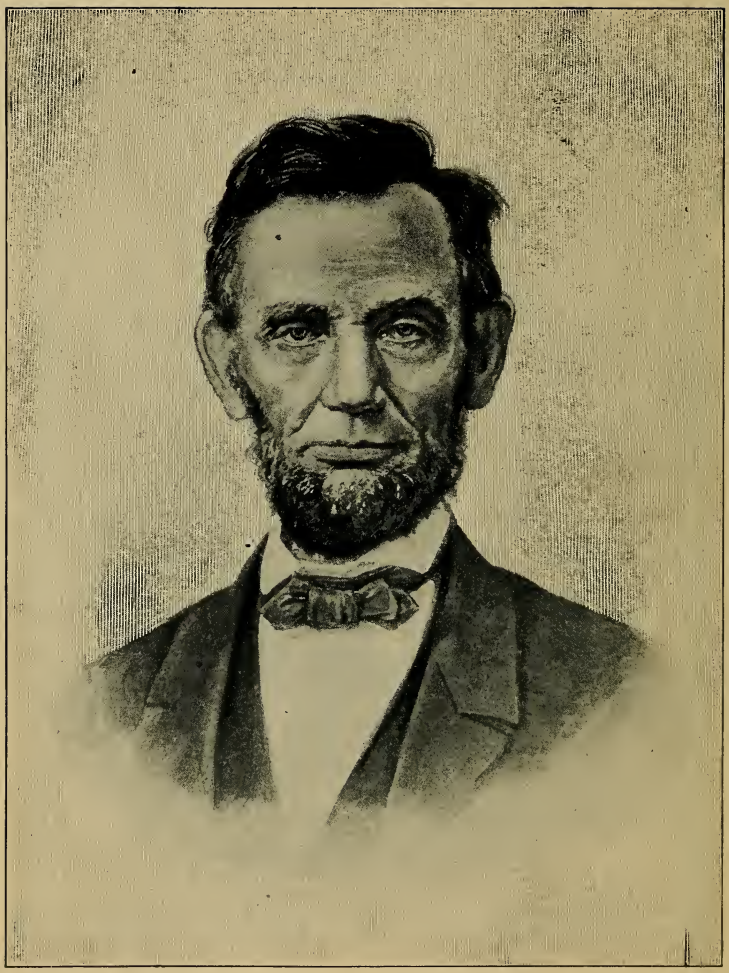
When the Dutch came to settle New York, they brought with them the custom of making

New Year's calls, but their manner of calling was very different from the Chinese custom. The men, it is true, did all the calling, but, not on each other. I am sure they would have thought that a very stupid way of spending the day. On the contrary, they called on all their women friends, both young and old, so in this way, every woman was sure to meet all her men acquaintances in the town, at least once a year. It was a dear old custom, full of cheer and good will, and many people were sorry to see it pass away.

Here are some lines by the great English writer, Thomas Carlyle, which seem appropriate to the new year, as well as to the new day. They are called

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning another new day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night 'twill return.
Behold it aforetime, no eye ever did,
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another new day,
Think wilt thou let it slip useless away?



F. p. 13 ABRAHAM LINCOLN

February Twelfth

LINCOLN DAY

Here is a date which every American boy and girl should remember, February twelfth, 1809; because on this day was born the greatest American that ever lived — *Abraham Lincoln!*

You know it is the proud boast of this country that the poorest boys and girls in it have as good a chance as the richest ones to make of themselves noble men and women. There have been other Americans as great as Abraham Lincoln, but they did not spring from surroundings so poor and humble. There have been other men whose childhood was passed in poverty. But they did not become so great as Abraham Lincoln. This is the reason for calling him our greatest American, because he so fully showed forth this great American principle, that all boys and girls have an equal chance in life to bring out the good qualities that are within them.

Abraham Lincoln's good qualities were

these: A bright, quick mind, honesty, industry, thirst for knowledge, and a warm, unselfish heart.

His honesty was so great that when he was a poor struggling lawyer, he would not take a man's case unless he knew that the man was in the right. His energy and industry were so great that when his clothes grew shabby, he split fence rails to pay for some new ones. His thirst for knowledge was so great that he once cut four cords of wood, just to pay for a *piece of* a book. This book was the Life of George Washington, and young Lincoln would lie flat on the floor at night, and read by the light of the fire. His parents were too poor to afford even the light of a tallow candle. His heart was so kind and tender towards everything, that one day when he was riding along a country road, he stopped the horse and climbed out of the carriage — what for, do you suppose? Just to turn over a poor beetle that was lying on its back and could not get on its feet again.

"There," he said, when he had climbed back into the carriage again, "I have given that bug a fair show with all the other bugs on earth."

You may have heard that he was born in a log cabin in LaRue County, Kentucky, but when he was seven years old, his father moved

the family to Indiana. Two years afterward his mother died, and they were so poor that there was no money to buy a coffin for her. His father had to make one out of a log that was left after building the cabin. Poor little "Abe," as he was called, helped make it by holding the boards while his father bored the holes for the pegs which were to hold the coffin together. They lived far away from the stores where nails were sold, and they had no time to go after them or money with which to buy them.

In less than a year after the mother's death the father married Sallie Bush Johnston, a widow with three children, and at once better times began for the Lincoln children. The story of all that this second mother became to Abraham Lincoln ought to silence forever the unreasonable prejudice against step-mothers.

In 1832, Lincoln was made captain of a company in a short war called the Black Hawk War. In 1836, he moved to Springfield, Illinois, and began the practice of law. In 1847, he was elected to Congress.

In those days the negroes were held as slaves in the Southern states, and Lincoln had very early shown that he thought slavery was wrong.

Once when he was making a speech he said, "This country cannot stand half slave and half

free; it must be either all slave or all free. This speech brought him many bitter enemies, and one day a man who was one of his friends said to him that he was sorry that he had used those words, and that he wished they could be wiped out because they would cost him many votes.

Mr. Lincoln replied:

"If my whole life except one act had to be wiped out, that sentence is the one thing that I would let stand."

Here he showed his honesty, for he had put his true belief into that speech, and he could not pretend to anything which he did not believe. In 1860, he was elected president. In 1863, he gave to the world the great paper called by two hard words, "The Emancipation Proclamation." This was the beginning of new times for this country, for it gave freedom to all the slaves, so it is no wonder that the name of Abraham Lincoln is beloved by every colored person in the world.

He carried the country through four years of Civil War, and kept the states together, when many misguided men were seeking to break up the Union.

He was the second time elected president, and was inaugurated March 4, 1861. Every one was now looking forward to a peaceful time,

when he could, as he expressed it, "bind up the nation's wounds," and enjoy four years of quiet, after his four years of war and trouble.

But this was not to be, for on April 14, he was shot by a wicked man and he died the following day.

Everybody mourned for him, people went about the streets weeping. Many private houses were draped with crepe, while in his own town of Springfield everything seemed to stand still. As one man said in speaking of his death, "I don't believe the sun shone again in Springfield for weeks after he was laid away."

The stories told about Lincoln are so many that it is almost impossible to choose between them. Indeed, a large book has been made of them which I trust you may read some day. I will however, give you a few to think over.

An old farmer who died in 1901 tells that when Lincoln was working for him as a "hired man," he came across him one day sitting barefoot on top of the wood pile, with a big book open before him.

"What are you reading?" asked the farmer, for books were not plentiful in that part of the world.

"I'm not reading," was the answer. "I'm studying."

"Studying what?"

"Law, sir," was the reply, and the old farmer was too astonished to say anything more.

Lincoln, himself, tells of finding some law books among a lot of rubbish which he had bought cheap, and that he read and studied them until he had mastered them all.

Here is a pretty little story which I am sure you will enjoy.

After Mr. Lincoln had become a prosperous lawyer, he was one day going to his home in Springfield, when he saw a little girl standing at her gate crying bitterly. Although he did not know her he stopped at once and asked her, "What is the matter?"

She told him that she was all ready to go on a little trip with a friend, but that the hack man had forgotten to come after her trunk and she knew that she should miss the train. He asked to see the trunk, and when she had taken him where it was, he put it on his shoulder and started off down the street as fast as his long legs could carry him, while she ran with all her might to keep up. They were just in time for the train, he kissed her good-bye, and told her to "have a good time."

Do you wonder that everybody loved him?

When he was nominated for president the first time a Governor and some other well-known men called upon him, as is the custom, to tell him of his nomination, he said to them, "I suppose it is the proper thing to give you gentlemen something to drink."

He called in the maid, spoke to her in a low voice, and presently she returned to the room carrying a waiter, several glasses, and a large pitcher. Then Mr. Lincoln arose and said gravely:

"Gentlemen, we will pledge our mutual health in the most healthy beverage that God has given to man — it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed my family to use, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion. It is pure 'Adam's ale' from the spring."

He then poured out a glass of water for each of his guests, and taking up his own glass pledged them his highest respects.

Mr. Lincoln was wise enough not to muddle his brains with either whiskey or tobacco.

Mrs. Carrie Mathews Hollister, widow of O. J. Hollister and sister of Vice-President Colfax, was a girl at Washington during the whole of Lincoln's administration. She met the president almost daily as a close and intimate family

friend. In a recent letter to the present writer, with no thought of publication at the time, she made use of the following language (the italics are hers) in speaking of Mr. Lincoln.

"All this rudeness and buffoonery I read so much about I never saw. I always felt as if in the presence of an *angel*, he seemed so different from other men, and so *good*."

LINCOLN*

The rectitude and patience of the rocks,
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn,
The courage of the bird that dares the sea,
The justice of the rain that laves all leaves,
The pity of the snow that hides all scars,
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light.

— Edwin Markham

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February Fourteenth

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

This is the day, February 14, when we mean to be kind to everybody. We want to give, not only loving thoughts, but words as well, to our dearest friends, and we love to go to the stores and buy pretty little tokens to send to them.

It is true that we see in the windows hideous pictures, unlike any people that have ever been seen on earth, and we hear them called "Valentines," but they have no right to the name.

The day was set apart for merry making and kind feeling, and not to give pain and annoyance. If people want to make these hideous pictures, and other people are foolish and unkind enough to buy and send them out, I suppose it is not possible to prevent them from doing so, but they have no right to call the ugly things, "Valentines," for that is an insult to the good and holy saint after whom the day was named.

It is true that the good Valentine did not set going this custom of sending valentines, but I

am sure he would not object to having messages of love and kindness named after him. Let us keep the holy man in our minds, and so refuse to call by his name the frightful objects displayed in some of the windows at this time.

Very little is known of St. Valentine except that he was a bishop and lived in Rome less than three hundred years after the dear Lord Jesus was on earth.

In those early days, when Christianity had not been in the world very long, the Romans used to put to death the people who owned that they were Christians. These people were called martyrs, and St. Valentine was one of these early martyrs.

In ancient days the Romans held a great feast every February, called "Lupercalia," which was in honor of a god whose name was Lupercus. When Rome was first founded it was surrounded by an immense wilderness in which were great hordes of wolves. So the Romans thought they must have a god to watch over and protect the shepherds with their flocks, so they called this god, Lupercus, from the Latin word, *lupus*, a wolf. As they kept special feast days for other gods, they must have one for Lupercus since so much depended on his protection. When the country about the city became cleared

up, and there was no longer danger from the wolves they still kept up the feast day in honor of Lupercus.

One of the amusements on this great day was the placing of young women's names in a box to be drawn out by the young men. Each young man accepted the girl whose name he drew, as his lady love.

The Christian priests, wishing the people to forget about their heathen gods, yet not liking to do away with all their sports, kept the feast, but called it St. Valentine's Day, because the good bishop's birthday occurred about that time, and they also wished to remind the people of his holy life. Not satisfied with this, they went even further, and changed the nature of the festival by putting the names of saints and martyrs into the boxes to be drawn out. The name that each one drew was called his or her "valentine," and the holy life of that person was to be imitated throughout the year.

But as time went on the custom gradually changed again, and the names put into the boxes were those of living people instead of dead saints, and these became the "valentines." From this custom grew quite naturally the practice of sending out messages of kind remembrance.

It was at one time the custom in England for people to call out, "Good-morning, 'tis St. Valentine's Day," and the one who succeeded in saying this first expected a present from the one to whom it was said, so this made things pretty lively on St. Valentine's Day.

Nowadays people have learned to make these little tokens both cheap and pretty, and when you see one that can be bought for a few cents you would hardly think that it went through five or six hands before it became the dainty gift which you buy for your friend.

There is an old saying that birds choose their mates on St. Valentine's Day, and, at one time, it was the custom for young people to go out before daylight on that morning and try to catch with a net one owl and two sparrows. If they succeeded in doing this, they not only thought it a sign that they would be happy all the year, but they also expected a present from everyone who knew them.

The fancy about birds mating on this day inspired Charles Kingsley, one of the English poets, to write the pretty little poem given on the next page.

VALENTINE

O, I wish I were a tiny brown bird from out the south,
Settled among the alder-holt * and twittering by the stream;
I would put my tiny tail down, and put up my tiny mouth,
And sing my tiny life away in one melodious dream.
I would sing about the blossoms, and the sunshine and the sky,
And the tiny wife I mean to have in such a cosy nest;
And if someone came and shot me dead, why then I could but die,
With my tiny life and tiny song just ended at their best.

*Alder woodland

February Twenty-second

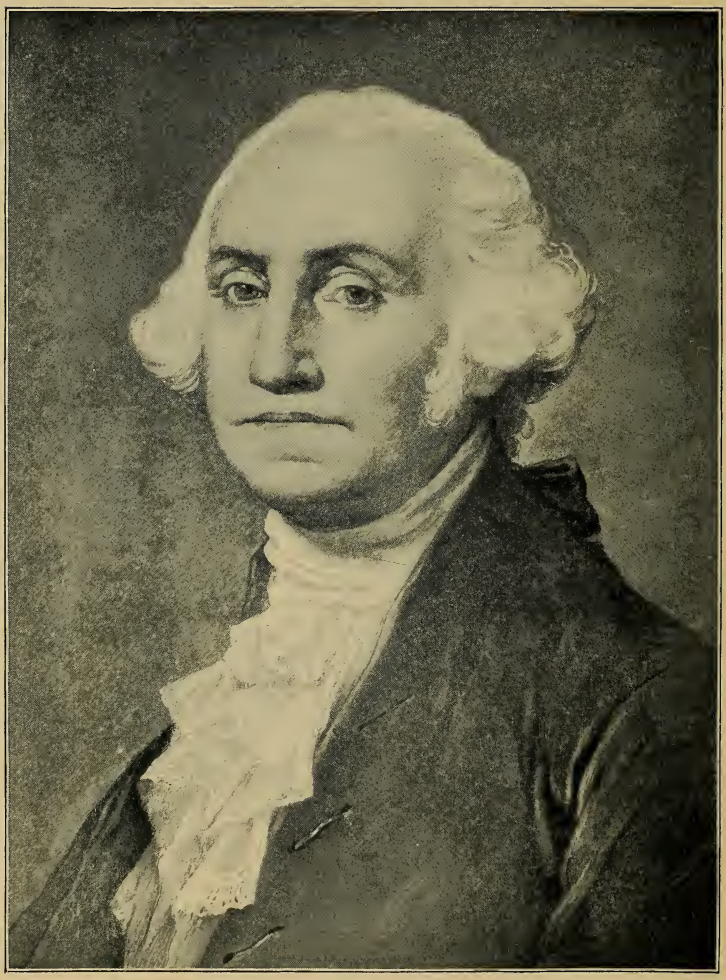
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

A beautiful, sweet scented rose growing in a well kept garden is very different from a little weed trying to live beside the dusty road. Quite as different, also, were the early lives of our two greatest Americans, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln.

George Washington was born in 1732 in the colony of Virginia. There were no states then, you must remember, but just a few struggling colonies belonging to the great Kingdom of England across the ocean. In this beautiful colony of Virginia, were the stately homes of the planters, many of whom were descended from proud old English families.

It was among this class of people that George Washington's life began. His relatives and friends were all people of refinement and education, while some of them were wealthy.

He was born near the Potomac River, but when he was a very little child, the house was



F. p. 27 GEORGE WASHINGTON

burned and his father, instead of rebuilding on the old site, moved to a place which he owned on the Rappahannock River in Stafford County. In this neighborhood was a small, private school taught by a man named Hobby, who was also sexton of the Parish, and here the small boy George began his school life.

His father died when he was nine years old, but he was carefully brought up by his mother and an older brother.

Mary Washington, it is said, was a woman born to command, and on her husband's death she took charge of her own estate, managing it as well as a man could have done, riding about the large plantation in an open chaise. She was very orderly, perfectly truthful, and these traits, together with her governing powers, her son George inherited.

Lawrence, the elder brother of George, was a man of excellent judgment, upright character, military training and withal held a fine social position.

He married a relative of the wealthy Lord Fairfax when George was but eleven years old, and as he felt that he must take a father's place to this younger brother, it came about that George spent most of the years of his later boyhood and earlier manhood at his

brother's beautiful home on the Potomac River. This place Lawrence named Mount Vernon, after the admiral under whom he had served in the English navy. The home of Lawrence was hardly ever without guests who were in all respects the choicest people of the colony. George was therefore brought in contact with the best social life of his time. It is said that he was given much attention by his brother's guests and was often flattered in a way that would have turned the head of a lad of less common sense.

There are two stories told about Washington's boyhood which all children love to hear. One is that he cut down his father's favorite cherry tree with his little hatchet and then told the truth about it when questioned.

It seems as if a bright boy, even if only a little one, ought to have known better than to cut down a fine young cherry tree, doesn't it? As they, no doubt, had other cherry trees I don't suppose they went without cherry pie after that, but I think it would have done Master George good if he had been made to go without cherry pie for a while.

Some people who tell the story of Washington's life leave out this cherry tree tale, but others say that it was told by one of his old teachers and that it is doubtless true.

Another story which no one denies is this: when George was a good sized boy, and some years after his father's death, he and his cousins went into the pasture to look at some blooded colts of which his mother was very proud. There was one young sorrel, which no one had been able to master, and George said that he would ride it if his cousins would help him catch it.

This was done, and George was soon on the colt's back. The animal was enraged, and would obey neither the pull on the rein, nor the word of the rider, but reared, plunged, backed, and did everything that an angry untamed colt could do to throw its rider off its back. But George was large for his age and enormously strong, so he kept his temper and also kept his seat, hanging all the while to the bridle with a firm grip. Then the raging animal gave a mad leap into the air, hoping no doubt, to dislodge his rider in that way. The next moment it came to the ground dead; in its rage it had burst a blood vessel.

George, as you may imagine, was terribly frightened at this end to the battle, for he well knew how highly the colt was prized. When they returned to the house, one of his mother's first questions, was about the noble sorrel colt, expecting, no doubt, to hear their words of

enthusiastic admiration. George answered at once, after the formal manner of those times:

"Madam, the sorrel colt is dead, I killed him."

I daresay there were many other times when he told the truth against himself, but these two stories are enough to show that he loved truth more than anything else, and that he would not depart from it to save himself blame and possible punishment.

Many books have been written about George Washington, which I hope you will read when you are older. In one called, "The Home of Washington," by B. J. Lossing, there is a letter which he wrote when he was only nine years old; it is indeed a very nice letter and it closes with what he calls "a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry."

> "G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.
> And he likes his book full well.
> Henceforth will count him as his friend,
> And hopes many happy days he will spend."

It is said that the lines were written by a gentleman who visited the Washington family very often. I do not wonder that he did not want to be known as the author of that "little piece of poetry," do you?

By the time George was sixteen years old, he was six feet tall, with long, strong arms, and large, powerful hands. Astonishing stories are told of the way that he could throw, run and wrestle.

There was naturally much talk among all the relatives as to the proper business or profession to which he should be trained. He seemed to lean toward the navy, which is but natural, since his brother Lawrence had been a naval officer. After much talk among themselves, they decided to let him enter the navy, and his trunk was even packed and sent aboard an English man-of-war which was lying in the Potomac. But just at this point a letter came to his mother from her brother in England, begging her not to let George enter the English navy, and giving her so many excellent reasons for his advice, that the trunk was immediately brought ashore again, and they began to think of other things for George to do.

How different might have been the fate of this country, if George Washington had gone thus early into the service of George II. Had he done so it is not likely that he would have taken up arms against the successor, George III, and without his firm command the result of the American Revolution would, no doubt, have been very different.

Soon after this change in his plans he went to work as a surveyor at good wages, and, as this sort of work pleased him greatly, we may say that his life had now begun in earnest. He enjoyed the woods life, the daily battle with bush and brier, in making new paths through the unbroken wilderness.

His biographers say of him that at this time his best qualities were truthfulness, courage, self-reliance, hopefulness, carefulness, strong common sense, knowledge of human nature, and faith in God.

His greatest fault was a hot, quick temper. Several times this fault had brought serious trouble upon him, and he early felt that he could not become the useful man which he hoped to be, unless he brought his temper under control. He set himself with so much firmness to conquer this weakness, that in after years it seldom showed itself. Now and then, a sharp flashing of his eyes, a sudden flushing of the strong face, showed that the old enemy was only chained, not dead. But it was a great deal, was it not? to keep it in chains.

While in the midst of his work as a successful surveyor, George was made adjutant of his military district, with the rank and pay of Major, which you know is the office next above a cap-

tain. As he was then but nineteen years of age, you will understand that this was a great honor for so young a man.

A little later than this, his brother Lawrence lost his health and was ordered to the Barbadoes, with the hope that the milder climate would cure him. George immediately resigned his position and went with his brother to care for him in his weakened condition. In 1752 this much loved brother died, and George returned home.

By the death of Lawrence, George became the owner of Mount Vernon, in fact he was for those times, a very rich man, for his brother had left him about two hundred thousand dollars. He did not, however, as many another would have done, settle down to the idle enjoyment of his wealth.

Two years after the death of Lawrence, he joined General Braddock in fighting against the French and Indians. He helped to capture Fort DuQuesne for the English, thus fighting for the same country against which he was soon to fight for the young colonies. But when the battle was over he thought he was done with fighting, and soon afterward, in 1759, he married a beautiful widow, Mrs. Custis, and settled down to a peaceful life at Mount Vernon. He

was made a member of the Virginia house of Burgesses, and doubtless looked forward to serving his native state, peacefully for many years.

Trouble, however, soon arose with the mother country, and Washington as a member of the Virginia Assembly was, of course, drawn into the discussion on all the burning questions of the day. From what we have already seen of his character we know that he could not do otherwise than take a decided stand for his own country, the young colonies. Thus, when it was thought best to form a general Congress of men chosen from all the Colonies, Washington was naturally sent from his own district.

He was not a great orator like many other men who came to that Congress, but Patrick Henry said of him, when Congress was over, "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington was unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

There were other meetings of this body of men, which is called the "Continental Congress," and on June 15, 1775, two days before the great battle of Bunker Hill, George Washington was, by this Congress, made Commander-in-chief of the Continental army. When he accepted this honor he said, "I will keep an exact account of my expenses. These, I doubt not,

Congress will discharge, and that is all that I desire."

He wrote a tender letter to his wife, closing with the words, "I shall no doubt return to you safely in the fall."

But soon afterward came the Declaration of Independence, and the long war of the Revolution followed, so that Washington saw his beautiful home again but once in seven years, and then only for a few days.

Some day you must read the story of this sad war and then you will learn more about the great and wonderful George Washington.

The war closed in 1783 and Washington then resigned his commission and prepared to return to his beloved country home on the banks of the Potomac River. He made a touching speech, bidding his army an affectionate farewell. The soldiers, however, were unwilling to lose him, they wanted to do something grand and fine for him, so they put their heads together and persuaded one of their generals, Lewis Nichola, to write him to become king of the new country. This he might easily have done, since the soldiers were willing to stand by him.

Washington was both grieved and indignant over this letter and refused the offer in-

stantly. He desired no greater happiness than to retire to Mount Vernon to spend the remainder of his days. He arrived thereon Christmas Day, 1783. What a delightful Christmas merry making there must have been at the dear home after his long absence. He was soon very happy and busy, he enlarged his house, beautified his grounds, attended to the cultivation of his large farm, and looked after the welfare of his many slaves.

But he was not allowed to remain long in this delightful state. People began to find out that the Colonies were too loosely held together, and that they needed something more than Congress to govern them, so when the Congress met in 1787 they adopted that great system of laws and rules known as the Constitution of the United States. They thus required a President, and near the close of 1789 they chose George Washington as the President of the United States.

Thus was he again forced to leave his delightful riverside home, but you have seen that he never refused to help his country when it needed him. Do you think it is strange that it is said of him, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"?

This is what Abraham Lincoln said of him:

"Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since the mightiest in the cause of civil liberty—still mightier in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected, it cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

March Seventeenth

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

This is the day which all Irishmen honor, because it is kept in memory of the good Bishop, Patrick, who did so much for Ireland. The stories about him are, however, so great a mixture of fact and fancy that it is hard to tell where each begins and ends. Even the date of his birth is in doubt, but it was somewhere between the years 373 and 386. As to the day of the month, this was long in dispute, some claiming March 8, and some March 9. There is an amusing old poem on this subject which says that the claimants for these two days finally added eight and nine together, and that is why we now keep the 17th of March as the birthday of this great and good man.

As all writers agree that there was a good bishop sent to preach to the Irish, so they all agree that he was not an Irishman and that his name was not Patrick. He was born either in France or England, and when a mere lad was

sold as a slave to a man named Milcho, who carried him to Ireland.

He became a very good man, and when the Pope of Rome wanted someone to preach the gospel to the Irish he selected this man and gave him the name of Patricius; this was easily shortened into Patrick.

Here is one of the queer stories told about this good man. In the first place he was said to have driven all the snakes and toads out of Ireland. In order to do this he wandered about the country taking with him a drummer who marched before St. Patrick beating the drum with all his might. So the power of the good saint united with the great noise of the drum, frightened the poor snakes and toads so terribly that they ran as fast as ever they could and jumped into the sea. But, by and by, right in the midst of their great success, the drum burst, so nothing more could be done until the drum was put together again.

While waiting for this to be done, St. Patrick met an immense serpent that did not seem to fear him in the least, and instead of running away as the others had done, it just kept lying right across the good saint's path. So St. Patrick found a big box with a good cover upon it and brought it near the serpent. Then with

many soft words, for although he was not an Irishman, he seems to have learned the Irish ways of speech, he tried to coax the serpent into the box. But the wily thing said that the box was too small to hold him. St. Patrick declared that it was quite large enough.

They argued about it at great length, until the serpent angrily declared that he would prove the truth of what he said. This was, of course, what St. Patrick wanted, so he held his breath while the great serpent crawled slowly and carefully into the box. He was no sooner safely inside than St. Patrick clapped down the lid of the box and shoved it into the sea.

"Did they mend the drum after that?" Well, I never heard that they did; that will do for a fairy story. The good bishop, however, did help the Irish people to become better, and so, of course, happier. They were heathens, with all sorts of strange wild customs, when he came among them, and many of these were done away with under his teaching.

It is said that the Irish people had paid little or no attention to the shamrock which grows so plentifully in Ireland, until one day the good saint was trying to explain to them the Trinity. He spoke of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, three in one, and then stooping

down he plucked the delicate, little three-leaved shamrock, and used it as an illustration of the Trinity. From that time it became the emblem of Ireland, and is now beloved by every Irishman "even unto the third and fourth generation."

The following verses on the shamrock were written by Thomas Moore who is often called the "Irish poet":

O! THE SHAMROCK

Through Erin's Isle
To sport awhile
As Love and Valor wandered,
With Wit, the sprite,
Whose quiver bright
A thousand arrows squandered.
Where'er they pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up with dew drops streaming,
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O! the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

Says Valor, "See
They spring for me,
These leafy gems of morning!"

Says Love, "No, no,
For me they grow,
My fragrant path adorning."
But Wit perceives
The triple leaves
And cries, "O do not sever!"
A type that blends
Three god-like friends
Love, Valor, Wit forever!"
O! the Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather.
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em;
May Valor ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
O! the Shamrock, the green, Immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

April First

ALL FOOL'S DAY

Some writers say that this name comes from the word *aperie*, "I open," because it is the time when buds begin to open. Other writers claim that because the Romans gave the names of gods and goddesses to many of the other months, therefore April comes from *Aphrilis*, or Aphrodite, which were the Greek names for Venus, and this goddess is supposed to have especial charge of the month of April.

The Anglo-Saxons, who were more practical, called it the Oster-month, because it is the time of cold east winds. Oster means East.

I am sure we all love this month of the early spring, in spite of its strangely mixed weather, because in this month there are always some bright, warm days which bring the early birds and flowers.

Shakespeare speaks of the "uncertain glory of an April day," and sometimes I think one reason why we love April so well is because she

gives us so many surprises. Often opening in tears and gloom, but before night gladdening us with a burst of sunshine and blue sky. Here are some of the old sayings about April:

A cold April the barn will fill.
April showers bring May flowers.

When April blows its horn,
It's good for both hay and corn.

The reason for the latter saying, no doubt, lies in the fact that when the wind blows well throughout the month it dries out the winter moisture from the ground, making it fit for plough and seed. There is usually a grain of truth in these old sayings that have been repeated for so long a time.

Children wait impatiently for the coming of April First. They think it rare fun to shout "April Fool!" at the unsuspicious child or person whom they have tricked. There may be fun in these tricks when they harm no one. But remember, a trick ceases to be funny when it brings sorrow, trouble or pain to another.

When you are planning to play some prank on a friend or companion, stop a moment and ask yourself how it would seem to have the same trick played upon *you*. The "golden rule," you perceive, applies here as well as everywhere else.

The custom of playing tricks on April First is so old that no one knows certainly just when or why it began. Some writers even say that it began when Noah made the mistake of sending the dove out too soon over the waters, and that the custom of sending people on fruitless errands was begun in memory of Noah's deliverance from the deluge.

The Romans held a feast called the "Feast of Fools" which was much like the "All Fool's" of recent times, although it was held at an entirely different time of the year.

The Hindoos in Asia have a festival which lasts for several days, closing on the 31st of March, and at this time they play all sorts of pranks on people, calling the ones who are tricked, "Huli fools."

The French, it is said, followed this custom before the English did, and as the English way of keeping their "All Fool's Day" is much like the Hindoo way of making "Huli fools," it looks as if the French learned the custom from the Hindoos, and then the English copied it from the French.

In France they call the one who is tricked an "April Fish," that is a young fish easily caught. In Scotland they call him an "April gawk," gawk meaning a simpleton.

In "Poor Robin's Almanac," a book printed in England more than one hundred years ago, there was given this bit of verse:

> It is a thing to be disputed,
> Which is the greatest fool reputed,
> The man who innocently went
> Or he who him designedly sent.

There is not much poetry in this little rhyme, but we must admit it holds much truth.

Here is a story in which the practice of April fooling was helpful instead of hurtful:

A certain Duke of Lorraine, whose name was Francis, was, together with his wife, held as a prisoner, at a place called Nantes in France. They decided to make an attempt to escape. They dressed themselves as poor country people; he carried a brick-layer's hod on his shoulder, she carried a basket of rubbish on her arm. At an early hour in the morning they passed through the gates of the city. But there happened to pass by a woman who saw their faces and knew them, and she ran at once to one of the sentinels and told him that the man and woman who had just passed out the gate were Duke Francis and his wife. Then the sentinel chanced to remember that it was the morning of April First, so he threw his head on one side,

winked his eye knowingly, and shouted "April Fool" at the woman.

The story was considered so good that it was told from one to another, until it reached the Governor's ears, his suspicions were aroused and he set about finding out as to the truth of the matter. It was then too late, however, for the prisoners were beyond his reach.

How fine it would be if all "April Fooling" turned out as well as that. Set your wits to work this year and see if you cannot think of some *kind* tricks to play on people. Here is a simple little verse which you may enjoy:

AN APRIL THANKSGIVING

The Robins are singing,
The Bluebirds are winging,
Then why should we sorrow or sigh?
The bright sun is shining,
Cold winds are declining,
Overhead is God's beautiful sky.

O! moments enchanting,
We would be descanting
All the day on April's dear song,
Not a thought then be wasting
On the days quickly hasting,
But give thanks that they linger so long.

—Clara J. Denton

EASTER SUNDAY

This is what we may call a "movable holiday," because it does not come on the same date every year. The reason for this is, that it is governed by the moon, and we all know how changeable the moon is. First we have the beautiful thin crescent, which we call the "new moon," then in about seven days more, we see the first quarter, and in another seven days we have the splendid round moon which is called the "full moon," and also the "gibbous moon."

The date of Easter Sunday is fixed by the first full moon that comes on, or next after, the twenty-first of March. This is called the "paschal moon," and the next Sunday after this full moon is Easter Sunday.

Easter Sunday with the early Christians took the place of the Jewish Passover, because we know by the New Testament that our Lord was crucified and rose again during the Jewish passover, and for this reason this day is in some countries called the "Paschal Feast."

The heathen people had a goddess called Eostre, whose festival was kept in the Spring of the year, as she was the goddess of the light or morning, or Spring.

It was quite natural therefore for the early Christians to keep the familiar name when they changed entirely the character of the feast. The day was also called the "joy Sunday," and the habit of having new clothes for this day comes from an old superstition that unless one wore something new on "joy Sunday" or Easter Day, bad luck would follow throughout the year.

A favorite superstition among the Germans is that if the children of the household are truthful, kind and obedient, a white hare will come into the home at night and hide colored eggs in odd corners of the house. The use of eggs at this time is to show forth that our Lord came again to life out of the silence and darkness of the grave, just as the chicken comes to life and breaks its way out through the shell. The reason that they tell that the hare brings the eggs into the house is because the hare is the ancient symbol, or figure of the moon, and Easter Day is governed by the moon, as you have been told before. Hares, unlike rabbits, are born with their eyes open, and the moon is the "open-eyed watcher of the night." As

there are no hares in this country, when this story is told to children here, they speak of rabbits instead of hares, as the two little animals are much alike. You will often see white rabbits on picture cards, or find candy white rabbits among Easter gifts. There are many people who do not understand the reason for their usage, but now, you will know that it comes from a very old myth.

A queer custom which was at one time practiced in some parts of England, was called the "Lifting." On Easter Monday, the men went about the village or country-side, and two of them would make their four hands into a seat or chair just as children often do now-a-days, then another man would pick the women up, one at a time, of course, and place them on this chair to be carried about. Then, on Easter Tuesday, the women would go around in the same way and lift the men. Just when or why the practice arose, or what its hidden meaning was, no one seems to know.

A beautiful custom is observed in all countries where the Greek church exists. When two people meet for the first time on Easter Day, one says, "Christ is risen," the other replies, "Christ is risen indeed."

It was a very ancient English practice to

play ball with colored eggs. This was no doubt the origin of the egg rolling, which is an old and still favorite sport in the city of Washington. All of the children in the city gather on the White House grounds on Easter Monday, and roll eggs down the sloping lawn. It is considered great fun and no Washington child would think of missing it. No grown person is admitted to the grounds unless accompanied by a child.

Here is a couplet which shows an old belief:

A good deal of rain on Easter Day,
Gives a good crop of grass, but little good hay.

Another old superstition is that if the wind is in the East on Easter morning, you must draw some fresh water and bathe the face and hands; it will then be impossible for the East wind to harm you throughout the year.

We do not care for these old superstitions now; instead, we love to think of Easter as the day on which the Lord arose from the grave, and when we look at the beautiful flowers, the daffodils, the lilies and the tulips, that have come up into the sunlight after their long winter's sleep in the warm, dark ground, we think that in much the same way Christ came forth from the darkness and silence of the tomb,

and so the flowers with their beauty and fragrance have a precious lesson for us at every Easter time.

AN EASTER SONG

Sing a song of Easter,
Children dear, and birds,
Sing a song of Easter,
Full of joyous words.
Lily censers fragrant
Swing and gently sway,
Lily bells seem telling
"Lo! 'tis Easter Day."

Sing a song of Easter,
From the brown earth's mold,
Wondrous in their beauty,
Flowers bright unfold.
Upward then, O children,
Like the lilies white,
Lift your faces tender
Ever to the light.

—Clara J. Denton

ARBOR DAY

A wonderful day indeed is this tree-planting day. We cannot all keep the same day because this is a big country and in some parts of it the Spring is much later than in other parts. But as long ago as 1872, in the State of Nebraska, there lived a man with the common name of Smith, who had been governor, and you may be sure he had studied a great deal about his state. He made up his mind that one thing needed there was more trees, for no land can be a good place in which to live unless it is blessed with plenty of trees. Then he had another good thought which was that if every child in school planted one tree each year, there would soon be plenty of trees. So a day was set aside in April to be called Arbor Day, then, soon after, Kansas set aside a day and other states quickly followed the fashion.

Canada also caught the idea, and it now looks as if there could never be a scarcity of trees anywhere on this broad continent. In Nebraska alone, from the time the first Arbor

Day was kept until 1905, there had been planted over six hundred million fruit and shade trees. Isn't that wonderful? Think of it, it is a whole forest of trees!

Now let us think for a moment of all the good that comes from these waving, green friends.

In the first place they help the rain fall, then their leaves absorb, or take up, all the poisonous qualities in the air. They shelter the ground, making it warmer in winter and cooler in summer, they shelter animals and homes, keeping off the cold winds of winter and the hot rays of the summer sun, they delight the eye by their waving beauty and last of all they are made into many things useful to man.

Through all the ages human beings have ever delighted in trees and many great events in history have made certain trees famous.

To tell you of all these would take too much time and space, but we will at least learn something about the famous trees in our own country. The most famous of them is, I am sure, the one called the "Charter Oak," which stood on the northern slope of Wylly's Hill, in Hartford, Connecticut.

The story goes that in the early days of Connecticut, it was governed by a man sent out

by the King of England, whose name was Andros. The King had before this time given to the people of Connecticut a paper granting them certain rights. This paper was called a charter. As soon as Andros arrived he decided to get hold of this paper, thinking he could then do as he liked with the people. They were, however, too shrewd for him. Some of them chanced to know of a large cavity in this old oak tree, about two feet from the ground, and the charter was carried there and secreted. This happened in the summer of 1687 and the charter's whereabouts being known to but a few, who guarded the secret carefully, it was not found by the unreasonable Andros. In 1689, the people arose against him and he was put in prison; then the charter was brought from its hiding place, and the people felt that they were free once more. In the year 1800, a daughter of the family after whom the hill was named, wrote that the cavity within the tree had grown up; but it was then no longer needed. In 1855, this ancient tree was blown down in a heavy gale, but a white marble slab has been placed on the exact spot where once stood the old "*Charter Oak.*"

Liberty Elm is another tree that is famous in our history. It stood in Boston, on the corner

of Washington and Essex Streets, and was one of a beautiful grove of elms. The exact spot on which it stood is now marked by a building on the front of which is a relief figure in granite of the old tree, with the inscription, "Sons of Liberty, 1776," because the Sons of Liberty held their meetings under it and called the spot where they stood "Liberty Hall."

The first meeting was held 1765. A long pole which rose far above the top of the tree, was fastened to the trunk of the tree, and by an arrangement of ropes and pulleys a red flag was run up to the top whenever it was desired to have a meeting of the "Sons of Liberty." Whenever they wished to rouse the people to action in the cause of liberty, signs or placards were fastened to this tree.

Several notable meetings were held here, and if the old tree could have spoken, it could have told some stirring stories.

When the British under General Gage occupied Boston in 1774, all public meetings were forbidden, therefore, it is said, that the meetings under the old Liberty Tree were thereafter held at midnight. In the winter of 1775 and 1776 while the British soldiers were still in Boston they cut down the Liberty Elm because of its name, which, under the circumstances,

was hateful to them. They made the old tree up into firewood, getting, it is said, fourteen cords therefrom. The people were very angry, but, of course could not help themselves. They did the only thing possible; they put up a building to mark the spot of the loved Liberty Tree as has been already told you.

Washington Elm is an old elm said to be still standing at Cambridge, Massachusetts, under which Washington took command of the Continental Army. He had been appointed by the Congress sitting in Philadelphia, to be Commander-in-chief. He left Philadelphia on June 21, 1775, arriving at Cambridge on July 2. On the morning of July 3, the troops of the Continental Army were drawn up in order on the Common at Cambridge. Washington, accompanied by the general officers of the army, walked from headquarters to the great elm tree on the north side of the Common, drew his sword, and with a few simple remarks took command of the army.

Burgoyne Elm. Sir John Burgoyne was an English officer who, in the war of the Revolution, was sent to this country with an army of eight hundred. He won some battles, but was finally forced to surrender his entire army on October 17, 1777. Burgoyne was taken to New

York as a prisoner of war, and the citizens of that town, full of joy at this important victory, planted an elm tree in honor of the event. They called the tree Burgoyne's Elm, and it is said to be still standing.

The Treaty Elm. This famous tree stood in Philadelphia; "under its spreading" branches William Penn made his famous treaty of "good faith and good will" with the Indians. The Indians believed in him with the faith of trusting children, and said, "We will live in love with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and moon shall endure." The Indians kept this promise, and not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by an Indian.

This tree seems almost sacred to us, since under it was made one of the most remarkable treaties ever known, and which was never broken by either party, it blew down in 1810 and was said to be at least 233 years old. Upon the spot where it stood the Penn Society of Philadelphia erected a monument on which is this inscription, "Treaty Ground of William Penn and the Indian Nation, 1682. Unbroken Faith."

The Cary Tree. When Alice and Phœbe Cary, the poets, were little girls they lived in the country, eight miles north of Cincinnati.

They attended the district school which was a mile and a quarter from their home. It is said when they were on their way home from school one day Alice saw on the ground a newly cut sycamore switch. She picked it up and said to her sister, "Let's stick it in the ground and see if it will grow." It grew to be a large tree and is said to be still standing, and known far and wide as the "Cary Tree," although the sisters have been dead many years.

The Dueling Oaks. The trees which bear this strange and unpleasant name are a group of ancient oaks standing in the city park of New Orleans.

It was at one time the foolish, as well as wicked, custom in many parts of the world to settle all quarrels between gentlemen by the duel, which was a combat with swords or pistols.

This practice was more common in the southern than in the Northern states, from the fact, no doubt, that the settlers in the former were largely the hot-tempered races, such as the French and the Spanish.

Dueling was nowhere more common than in New Orleans, and it gradually became the habit to hold the combat under this particular group of wide-spreading oaks. Just how and why the custom began, no one seems to know,

but it was so common that the oaks were given the name which they still bear, although the cruel duel is now forbidden by law.

Perhaps it is as well to retain the name, "The Dueling Oaks," because it shows us that in the "good old days," which some people love to talk about, some things were done which would not be allowed in our times, and this proves, I am sure that the world is growing better every day.

There are pretty stories told about many of the different trees, some of them are mere superstitions, others may have a grain of truth within them. I am sure you will enjoy hearing about them.

The Mountain Ash or Rowan tree, also the Poplar, are said to foretell the weather; when the leaves turn themselves over, it is a sign of rain.

The Bay tree was supposed to keep off sickness, also to protect from lightning, therefore when it withered it was a sign of trouble. The Cherry tree was an emblem of the Virgin Mary. The Cross of Christ was said to have been made of the Cedar tree. The Cashew tree, which grows only in hot countries was said to have furnished the crown of thorns, while the Elder tree was the one upon which the wicked Judas hanged himself.

The Willow tree was an emblem of sadness; therefore when you hear people speak of "wearing the willow," you will understand that they are sad about something. Yew tree was unlucky, the Oak was called Jove's tree because of the great size to which it grows and the many years which it lives.

Here is an old German legend of the Aspen tree:

When Joseph and Mary were fleeing with the Infant Jesus they came to a dense forest. At once overcome by the presence of the Divine Child the trees all bowed their heads in worship. There was one tree, however, more haughty than the others which held its head stiff and straight.

Then the dear Christ cast one look upon this tree so full of sorrow and reproach that its heart was pierced with shame and fear. It began to tremble and has been trembling ever since through all the centuries that have passed since then.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the laths, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— Henry Abbey

May First

MAY DAY

How glad are we all of the May time. The name, some writers say, comes from the Latin word meaning to grow, and this would seem a fitting name indeed, for how things do grow in this beautiful month, the month of fruit blossoms.

Others say that this meaning has nothing to do with its meaning, but that it comes from *Majores*, a word meaning the Senators in the Roman legislature. Then again it is said that the name comes from Maia, the mother of the god Hermes, or Mercury. Our Saxon forefathers called it *Tri-Milchi*, meaning three milkings, because the grass being so plentiful in this growing month the cows could be milked three times daily.

But, however May came by its name, we know that in all ages and in all lands it has been the custom to look upon the month of May with great favor. The Romans held a festival in

honor of Flora, the goddess of flowers, which was called *Floralia*, and which began on April 28 and lasted into May.

Other nations soon settled upon May 1, as the time for similar festivities. England is the home of the May-pole and the merry dance around it.

All Christian countries have "Queens of May," though many of them represent the Virgin Mary, because the month of May is dedicated to her especially.

In our own country the customs of "going Maying," or "crowning the May-queen," and also of hanging May-baskets, are observed in some places, but we seldom hear of the May-pole dance. The latter custom, it is said, has even passed away in England, except in some small and far-off country places.

This is the month when the whole army of birds is marshalled in the groves. No wonder it is called the "Merry, merry May," for, by this time all the "migratory birds," that is those which fly away in the fall to warmer lands, have returned, and are ready for their summer's work. This too is the month of the yellow dandelion and buttercup.

Here is a little May verse for you:

Dandelion's gold is shining,
Green things everywhere are twining,
Yonder too the snow is falling,
Though I hear the Robin calling.
Do you laugh because together
Thus I seem to mix the weather?

'Tis the snow from apple trees,
Carried down by May-day breeze,
Snow that drifts so soon away;
Fairy snow that comes in May.

— Clara J. Denton

BIRD DAY

How many birds do you know by sight? How many bird songs do you know when you hear them?

Suppose you make it your business this summer to learn some new facts about birds.

If you are lucky enough to find a bird's nest be careful whom you tell about it, the better way is to keep it entirely to yourself. You know that you will not harm it, but you cannot be perfectly sure about anyone else.

Once I knew a lady who discovered a robin's nest in an old apple tree near the house. She enjoyed watching the old birds, and she also enjoyed the papa bird's song at morning and evening, but one unlucky day she told a young man whom she knew well, about the nest in the tree.

"O," he said, "I am going to peep into the nest! She begged him not to, but he declared he would not touch the birds or the nest, he just wanted to "see the little ones."

"But they don't want to be seen," she said, "do, please, stay away from them."

But he only laughed at her and began climbing the tree. When he was nearly up to the nest he caught at the limb on which it rested and in some way, of course he didn't mean to do it," the nest was upset, and down went the two little birds to the hard ground so far away, and were picked up dead.

Then that lady made a vow that she would never again tell *anyone* about a bird's nest; and I think that is a good rule for everyone to follow. The nest is meant to be a secret, it is the bird's secret and so if you chance to discover it you have no right to betray it.

Every child ought to know the names of the most common birds, even though living in a city, for by visiting the parks and keeping eyes and ears open some of the following birds may be seen and heard:

Blue-jay, Crow, Robin, Song Sparrow, Blue-Bird, Meadow Lark, Grosbeak, Brown Thrasher, Wood Peewee and House Wren. The robin, the crow, and the blue-jay, you no doubt know already. The two latter often remain in the north all winter and on mild days you can hear their shrill cries. The crow flying high and loudly calling his "caw, caw, caw," is said to

be the sign of a coming thaw. You will see the beautiful blue-jay hopping about in the bare trees searching for the insects that, like himself, are stirring around on account of the mild weather.

From March 1st to 15th, according to the weather, the robins, song sparrows, and bluebirds come, although the bluebirds are generally a little behind the others. There is a saying that when the bluebird appears there will be no more cold weather. They are truly beautiful birds, almost wholly a deep rich blue, although the throats and upper breasts are cinnamon colored. They give a deep, soft warble which sounds like "tru-al-ly." They sing when flying and also when at rest. They build nests in holes of trees or posts, or in boxes placed for them in the garden. They stay late in the fall, often not leaving until November. Some writers declare that in many mild climates this bird appears as early as February, but in a general way, it may be said that he is not so early as the robin.

The song sparrows are also early birds, usually appearing in March. The coloring of this bird is black and brown with some white in the under parts. His wing feathers are edged with a dull red. He has a loud, clear

note repeated three times with a canary-like trill at the end. He is a great singer, never silent long at a time. He builds his nest very often on the ground, but sometimes in bushes or low trees.

The meadow lark is still later than the robin and bluebird and his note is a plaintive whistle. His back is brown, spotted with black, his breast, bright yellow with a large black spot shaped like a crescent, or new moon. His tail feathers are pointed and when he flies he shows the white ones therein. There is a yellow stripe over his eye and on his head. He builds his nest on the ground in the open field and true to his name is found about meadows, lighting now and then on the tufts or mounds. He is not swift on the wing and seldom soars to great heights. He is one of the birds that you would not be likely to see in a city park.

The brown thrasher comes late in April. In all the bird chorus there is no sweeter singer. He is light-reddish-brown in color, breast and throat white, but spotted with brown; two white bars on wings, long rounded tail, a dark bill and pale feet. He makes his nest on the ground or in bushes, and, it is said, that during the nesting season he sings in the night. When

seen at his daytime song, he will be found at the very top of a tree, usually the tallest one in the neighborhood of his nest.

The rose-breasted grosbeak is one of the most beautiful birds in existence. He takes his name from his rose-colored breast and his heavy, or gross, beak. He comes early in May, and leaves late in September. His head, neck, throat, and back are black; his lower parts white, wings and tail black; the breast and lining of the wings, rose red. The wings have two white bands, the tail is notched, and has white patches. He nests in bushes and low trees. His song is a sweet, low warble, heard oftenest at sunset.

The Baltimore oriole or Firebird, comes in May, and the latter name fits him well. His head, neck, throat, and upper back are black; lower back, breast and under parts brilliant orange; wings black, with a patch of orange on shoulders. A white band and some tippings and edgings of white on the wings. The tail is broad and nearly square, with two large patches of orange upon it; feet and bill black. The nest of this bird is a never-ceasing delight; it is a deep, hanging bag or pouch, placed near the end of a drooping branch of a tall tree. The bird gets its name from Lord Baltimore,

who came to America in the early days, because the livery worn by his servants was yellow and black. The note of the oriole is a lively pipe with no variety and as he does but little work it sounds all day with little rest. The same pair of orioles will return summer after summer to the same tree for their nest building.

There is a dear little bird whose song we hear when all other bird songs are hushed for the season. Through the long hot days of August when there are no other sounds but the bees' hum and the "click" of the insects, from woody depths comes the long plaintive cry of the wood peewee. He comes early and does not leave until October. He is a small, dark-brown bird with a crested head, black feet, and bill. He is a great fly-catcher, and if you can get close enough to watch him picking up his dinner you will wonder at his swiftness. He builds his nest in a tree.

The Phebe is much like the peewee, but larger and with no crest. He builds his nest under the eaves of buildings or under a rocky ledge. His note differs from the peewee, is not drawn out, and sounds like "pewit."

I do not know of a merrier little bird than the house wren. If you will put up some bird boxes in the trees about your home, you will be

sure to have the merry songs to cheer you through the nesting season, and they often raise three broods during the summer.

When you have heard his lively song once, you will never forget it. It is quite unlike any other warble and is kept up almost constantly from dawn until sun-down. The wren is the smallest bird among our summer visitors except the ruby-throated humming-bird. He is reddish-brown in color, breast and under part a soiled white; his wings and tail are barred and the latter much rounded. When you have once seen and heard him you will be his friend forever. Both he and his mate are great fighters during nesting time, although not with each other, and they do not hesitate to attack birds much larger than themselves, or even squirrels that approach too closely to the home. Here are some verses for you about the wren:

Sing, little bird beneath my sill,
 Thou, merry, warbling wren,
Fly not afar on tiny wings
 Till autumn comes again.

Sing, little bird, for every note
 The story sweet retells
Of all the hope that gilds the world,
 The joy that love compels.

Sing, little bird, the sky is blue,
So glad the earth, of May,
O merry heart, O joy so true,
We love thy tender lay.

— Clara J. Denton

May Thirtieth

MEMORIAL OR DECORATION DAY

This holiday of sad and tender recollections owes its existence to the warm-hearted southern women. During the Civil War, they began the loving custom of carrying flowers to the soldiers' graves in faithful remembrance of their brave loyalty. So true-hearted were these women that they were not content to deck the graves of their own soldiers, but also laid their flowers on the graves of the Northerners who had died in the Southland.

On May 5, 1868, three years after the close of the Civil War, General John A. Logan, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, honored the loving deeds of those southern women, by sending out an order that the thirtieth day of May of that year be a day set apart for strewing flowers on the soldiers' graves.

Many other states in the Union still further honored these women by making the day set apart by General Logan a legal holiday.

Does it not seem, therefore, as if we should keep the day soberly, if not solemnly? Not with games and wild revelry, but as becomes a great nation that wishes to honor the men who helped it to become all that it now is.

Let us then, on this day, not only strew the graves with flowers, but give honor also to the few remaining old soldiers. We are all proud of them; then let us, at least one day in the year, take the trouble to tell them so, in as many beautiful and dignified ways as we can devise.

Above all, let us on this day endeavor to wipe out all bitter feelings toward those who fought *against* us, not *with* us.

As the dead Northerners and Southerners, in many places, lie side by side, so may the living clasp hands and shout together, "Long wave the 'Star Spangled Banner!'"

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

The boys in blue, the boys in gray,
 Lie sleeping side by side,
And round their mem'ry clings to-day
 A love outspreading wide.

Remembered? Yes, from shore to shore,
 'Neath North and Southland vines,

Their deeds are told, repeated o'er
Where'er our banner shines.

We doff our hats to them to-day,
Above their flower-strewn graves,
For over all (the blue and gray)
"Old Glory" proudly waves.

— Clara J. Denton

FLOWER DAY

Although no State has as yet set aside a day on which to plant flowers, it often seems as if it might be well to do so. The State, no doubt, takes it for granted, that people will plant flowers because of their love for them, but this is not true. Although nearly everyone is pleased at the sight of flowers, all grown people do not love them well enough to take the time and trouble to make them grow.

I wish it were possible on "Flower Day," to give every child at *least one* flowering plant which he or she must look after and give all needed care. Don't you think you would love a sweet blossom better, if you had watched the plant from a tiny slip or seedling until it burst into the perfect flower?

There is a great law of nature, that everything which grows in the ground must bear flowers of some sort. Sometimes they are beautiful and fragrant, and sometimes they are so plain and scentless that you would scarcely think of them as flowers.

To know all these different plants and their flowers is a wonderful study by itself. Wise men who have carefully examined all manner of plants have arranged them into classes and families, giving these classes and families names of their own, and this study is called botany. Some day perhaps you will take up this science in your school work, but meanwhile, if you will use your eyes and ears well, you can learn the names of many plants and flowers. Not only those which grow in fine gardens, but those also, which, with no gardeners but the earth, the sun and the rain, bloom in the woods and by the wayside. As you learn more about the latter you will find that many of these so-called weeds are well worthy of notice and attention.

Whenever you see a flower which you do not know, ask someone who does know, and when you have learned its name do your best to remember it, and you will be surprised perhaps to find how much joy you will gain from your acquaintance with these treasures of the earth.

Here is a pretty little verse which I am sure you will enjoy:

A SEED

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever —
Forever old and forever new,

Utterly faithful and utterly true —
Fickle and faithless never.

Plant lilies, and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring,
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

I have made for you a list of the different state flowers. Most of them were adopted by the vote of the schools, but those marked thus * were adopted by the State Legislatures. The one marked with the double asterisk was adopted by the Women's Clubs. You will see at a glance that only half of the States have chosen special flowers.

Alabama	Golden Rod
California	California Poppy
Colorado	Purple Columbine
Delaware	Peach Blossom
Idaho	Syringa
Iowa	Wild Rose
Louisiana	Magnolia *
Maine	Pine Cone *
Michigan	Apple Blossom
Minnesota	Lady Slipper
Mississippi	Magnolia
Montana	Bitter Root
Nebraska	Golden Rod

New Jersey Sugar Maple (State Tree)
New York Rose
North Dakota Wild Rose
Oklahoma Mistletoe *
Oregon Oregon Grape
Rhode Island Violet
Texas Goldenrod
Utah Sago Lily
Vermont Red Clover *
Washington Rhododendron **

The old Greeks and Romans were quick to see the changes going on around them, but instead of carefully studying out the reasons for these changes, they gave their imaginations wings and invented all sorts of pretty stories to explain the things which they might have understood if they had studied over them long enough. They noticed that plants bloomed part of the time only, and instead of reasoning out that as the bloom changes to fruit and seed, the plant could not go on bearing flowers forever. They made up this story to explain why the plants seemed to take a rest.

I have told you about their gods and goddesses. One of the latter was Ceres, the goddess of the Earth. She had a beautiful daughter, Proserpine or Persephone, whom she watched very carefully. But one day when Mother Ceres was busy looking after

all the things which grew in the earth, Persephone wandered away into the fields of Enna and amused herself by picking asphodels, the flowers which we call daffodils.

Now, everything would have been all right with Persephone had she been content with the flowers she could carry, but though her apron was full of the blossoms, she still wanted more. Presently she came to a large plant which was just covered with the blossoms which she loved so well, and she decided that she would have the whole plant. Wasn't that foolish?

Poor Persephone pulled at the plant with all her might. She thought she heard a deep rumbling in the earth. This frightened her a little at first, but as she was a very brave young miss, being the daughter of a goddess, she said to herself that she was silly to think that her pulling on the bush could make the earth rumble, so she kept right on pulling. At last her perseverance was rewarded, for up came the roots of the plant, but now she was more frightened than ever, for there staring at her, was an immense, black hole, Presently, even while she looked, the hole grew bigger and deeper, and out of it came the rumbling noise which she had heard before, only a thousand times louder. She was too frightened to run away;

she just stood still and held her breath for a second or two, then her wits came to her and she cried aloud, "Mother Ceres, Mother Ceres!"

But the call had come too late! A terrible man named Pluto, who was seated in a golden chariot drawn by four black horses, had her in his arms, and was driving with all possible speed, down, down, down, to the very bottom of the big, black hole, which she herself had made by pulling up the plant.

This Pluto was a great king, and he carried Persephone to his palace, where he ordered his servants to do everything for her comfort and happiness. But she only begged to be taken back to her mother and the beautiful light of day.

Then Pluto said to himself, "I will give her a drink from the waters of Lethe."

Lethe was a great river which flowed through his kingdom, and whenever people drank of it, they straightway forgot all their sorrows. So his servants brought quickly in a golden cup set with precious stones, some of this magic water, and with many kind and loving words he presented it to Persephone.

As she was not only a goddess, but also the daughter of one, she knew all about the waters

of Lethe, and just what would happen to her if she drank from the beautiful cup, so she pushed it away from her, and thus made poor Pluto, who really meant to be good to her, very sad and unhappy. Since his charming captive would neither eat nor drink, he feared that she would never become willing to stay in his beautiful underground palace.

But what was Ceres about all this time?

You may be sure that she was looking all over the world for her dear daughter. She blamed the Earth for having swallowed her up and declared that she should no longer keep it under her care. Dreadful things happened after that. At first there was too much rain, then there was too little; the seeds that were planted did not come up, and the ground was so dry that the ploughs broke as they tried to turn the furrows with them; the cattle died, and O! the earth was a dreary and an unhappy place indeed.

Then, Arethusa came to Ceres with a message. Arethusa had once been a wood nymph, but had been changed to a fountain by the river god Alpheus, and as she was working her way through the center of the earth to escape from him, she had seen Persephone, so she said to the unhappy Ceres:

"Blame not the Earth for your daughter's disappearance. It was Pluto with his golden chariot and four black horses who carried her off to be his queen and reign over the dark regions of Erebus."

Ceres, on hearing this great news, set out at once for the palace of the King Jupiter, which was situated at Mt. Olympus. There were no railroad trains or trolley cars in those days, or telephones or telegraphs, but the chariot of Ceres was fleeter than any of these, and not half so liable to accidents or "failures to connect," so she was soon on Mt. Olympus, in the palace of the gods, telling her story to Jupiter, the King of them all. He told her that Persephone should be returned, provided she had eaten nothing while in the palace of Pluto.

Mercury, the son of Jupiter, who had wings upon his cap and also upon his shoes, and who did for Jupiter and the other gods and godesses what the telephone and telegraph now do for us, was sent with Spring to visit Pluto and find out whether or not Persephone had eaten any Plutonian food.

But alas! she owned that she had taken into her mouth six pomegranate seeds, and that some of the pulp having clung to them, she had swallowed it. It was then decreed that

owing to these six seeds having furnished her food, she must spend six months of every year with Pluto.

As she had then been there just six months, Spring led her back to her mother, and the light of day.

Ceres smiled on the earth again and all things bloomed and thrived until that dreadful time came around again when Pluto appeared to carry off Persephone.

So it has gone on ever since, Ceres now smiling on the earth and then again sitting in sorrow and waiting for the time when Spring shall come leading Persephone dancing back to earth in her joy to escape from the grand yet gloomy palace of Pluto. I have made some verses for you about the return of Persephone:

THE CALL OF CERES

Daffodils, buttercups, violets, too,
Wake, come, awake, there's so much to do.
All the wide earth, with its ugly brown mold,
You freely must deck with purple and gold.
Blossoms, awaken, Persephone's near,
Tap, tap, go her footsteps. Surely you hear?

Hurry, now hurry, there's no time to lose,
I've promised the sun not one shall refuse,

Scarce can he wait for your faces so bright,
Long you've been hiding away from his sight.
Tap, tap, hear those footsteps dance o'er the land,
Flowers awaken and heed my command.

Up, up, now, I say, up from the dark earth,
Your brightness will bring all gladness and mirth;
Your fragrance will rout all sorrow and tears,
For with your bright smiles all woe disappears.
Tap, tap, hear her come, this call is my last,
Now over the earth you're scattered broadcast.

— Clara J. Denton



June Fourteenth

FLAG DAY

You have seen "old glory" flying from the top of your schoolhouse ever since you can remember, yet perhaps you cannot tell just when and where the first American flag was made.

When the American Colonies decided to become a separate people they could not go on carrying the British flag about with them. It is said that in the early days of the Revolutionary War, the soldiers carried all kinds of queer flags, and of course that would not do at all; but they must have something for an emblem, something that everyone would know as soon as he looked at it. As everyone wanted to "show his colors" there must be one flag that would stand for the American Colonies, and for nothing else.

As early as 1775 the Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia appointed three men, Franklin, Harrison, and Lynch, as a committee to arrange a flag for the young colonies.

These men decided to have thirteen stripes of red and white, because there were then thirteen colonies united against the wrong-doing of England. They kept the King's colors which were red, white, and blue, and they placed them together in one corner in the form which was then known as "the Union."

This "Union was adopted in England in 1606. It was formed by a red cross on a white field, the St. George's Cross of England; and a white saltier, or double stirrup, on a blue field, the St. Andrew's Cross of Scotland. This flag is now called the "Union Jack of England and her Colonies."

The people had learned to love the colors, red, white, and blue. Had they put any other colors in the flag it would have been a shock to the many fond thoughts which they still held toward the old home across the sea.

Should you visit England or Canada to-day you would soon hear them singing the song which you had learned to love at home, "Three cheers for the red, white, and blue." The words are different in some places, but it is the same stirring old tune, and when you hear it sung beneath the "Union Jack," you feel that England is indeed the "Mother Country."

The committee kept the "Union" on the

new flag, to show that while the people of the Colonies did not like the way the King had treated them, they still looked upon him as their King. On January 2, 1776, still before the Declaration, you see, this flag with the "Union" in the corner was hoisted in camp in Massachusetts, at a place now called Somerville, and was given a salute of thirteen guns and thirteen cheers. But after the Declaration, when the Colonies had declared themselves a "free and independent people," it was not fitting to retain the" Union" in the corner, therefore on June 14, 1777, this resolution was adopted in Congress:

Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the "Union" be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field representing a new constellation."

A flag, carrying out this design to the letter, was made under the direction of General Washington, by Mrs. Ross, who lived at 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Mrs. Ross held the position of flag manufacturer for the government until her death. The business then passed into the hands of her daughter, Clarissa Claypoole, but she, later, becoming a "Quaker or Friend," and fearing that the work of her hands would be used in a time of war—the Friends,

you know, think that war is always wrong—gave up the work altogether.

When other states came into the Union, additional stripes were put into the flag; this was kept up until there were twenty states. It was then very plain that it would not do to go on adding a stripe for every state, therefore, on March 24, Congress passed a law that the American flag should consist of thirteen red and white stripes and twenty stars on a blue ground, and that on the admission of every new state to the Union a new star should be added.

Illinois was the twenty-first state admitted, and was therefore the first star added to the constellation after the passage of this law.

The first strictly American flag was hoisted over the capitol at Washington on February 24, 1866, all previous flags having been made of English bunting.

This flag was twenty-one feet by twelve, was made by the United States Bunting Company, of Lowell, Mass., and was the gift of the Honorable Benjamin F. Butler.

Thus our flag has come by these gradual changes to be he dear banner which every American child knows and loves to-day. As we watch its waving folds we think of all that

it means. Here is the blue of heaven's truth, the white of purity, and the red of courage.

If you should ever visit a foreign land I know that the first thing you wou d miss would be "Old Glory" waving high. Then should you live to return to your native land you would love the old flag as you had never done before. For having lived for a while under other flags, you would see that there is no other so beautiful in itself as the flag of the "Stars and Stripes"; and, more than all, that there is no other flag which so truly stands for all the best things of life as does our beloved "Star Spangled Banner."

The name "Old Glory" was first given to our flag in 1831, by William Driver, a sailing captain of Salem, Mass., who died in 1886.

The following facts, which it is well to remember may be found on page 482, Vol. II, of Edward S. Ellis' "History of our Country:" "Although we are one of the youngest of nations our flag is among the oldest. The flag of Great Britain, as it at present appears, was adopted in 1801, that of Spain in 1785, while the tricolor of France, also of red, white, and blue, took form in 1794. Portugal adopted its present flag in 1830. Italy in 1848 and the German Empire in 1871. . . . Our flag has been

through more battles and has waved over more victories on land and sea than any other flag in the world . . . and more than a million men have laid down their lives that "Old Glory" should float aloft."

The latter thought is a sad one, but it is also one that should make our flag forever sacred in our eyes.

HONOR TO THE FLAG

Lift the hand and bow the head,
Words of loyal love be said,
The flag, our flag, is waving high!

Stars and stripes to you and me
Dear as life itself must be,
The flag, our flag, is waving high.

Throb our hearts and dim our eyes,
When aloft this banner flies,
The flag, our flag, is waving high.

Stars and stripes, these would we see
Stand for peace and purity,
The flag, our flag is waving high.

Bow the head and lift the hand,
'Neath this emblem of our land,
The flag, our flag, is waving high.

— Clara J. Denton

July Fourth

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Every boy and girl who is old enough to light a firecracker or throw a torpedo knows something of the meaning of this day. They at least know that they are helping to rejoice over the fact that this country is no longer ruled by the King of England.

"The Declaration of Independence," which you celebrate so noisily on this day, you know was made in 1776, but you may not know that the trouble with the mother country began long before that date.

As the colonies at this time had been settled for more than a hundred years, you will see that many of the people were of Colonial birth. But as they were the children of English parents or grandparents, they felt that they should have all the rights of which Englishmen have always been so proud. Some day you will learn all about the many causes which led to the long and bitter war of the Revolution. Many of

these causes, you would now, perhaps, find it hard to understand.

However, you can at least see that there were two things to which the colonists could not submit. One was to have an army of English soldiers quartered among them against their wishes; another was, to have the body of English law-makers, called the Parliament, tax their tea and sugar, and also make them buy of the government a stamp to put on all legal documents; that is, all papers used in law, such as deeds, mortgages, etc. The colonies were at this time self-supporting, and you can understand that they were not willing to pour their money into the English treasury when they had neither vote nor voice, in running the government, so they adopted these long words as their motto, "taxation without representation is wrong," which meant, if they couldn't vote for a government they wouldn't pay its taxes.

Thus, when the Congress of the colonies came together in 1776 at Philadelphia, everyone knew that something was to be done, yet no one knew just what steps would be taken.

On June 11, a committee was appointed to prepare a "Declaration" which could be brought before the Congress and discussed. This Dec-

laration was talked over fully on July 2, 3, and 4. The votes were to be counted, not according to the number of members but according to the colonies. Thus, if there were three delegates from a colony, two would need to be in favor of the measure in order to have that colony's vote count for "yes."

This plan gave rise to the famous ride of Cæsar Rodney. He, with two other men named McKean and Reed, was a delegate from the three counties bordering on the Delaware River, which afterward became the state of Delaware. Rodney, however, did not attend the Congress, because he seemed to be needed elsewhere, and he thought the other two delegates could do all the necessary business. At the same time he was working hard, riding about among the people of his own neighborhood, trying to persuade them to help Congress with money, which was needed very much.

But before the "Declaration" came to vote, McKean found out that Reed intended to vote against it, and then he saw that they must have Rodney's vote, to carry their district. He at once sent off a swift messenger to bring Rodney to the Congress. Rodney was eighty miles away, but history tells us, that within ten minutes, after the man came to him on his

tired horse, Rodney was on another horse riding toward Philadelphia. By riding all night, he reached the Congress just in time to make the vote of Delaware count for the "Declaration."

This act of Rodney must have moved Reed to change his mind, for his name is among the signers. In the next Congress, the royalists in Rodney's district — (for of course there were some people who wanted to keep in with England) — were so angry with him for thus turning the vote of Delaware, that they did not again make him a delegate. So, you see, his patriotism cost him something. Later on, however, he was given many honors, and did great service during the war which followed the "Declaration."

You know that it was on July 4, 1776, that the old Liberty Bell rang for the first time for Independence. This bell had been hung in the building known as the "State House" in 1753. It was made in Philadelphia for the State House steeple, and strangely enough around it ran these words:

"Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." — *Lev.*, 25:10

Do you suppose the man or men who ordered this bell, had a fancy that some day these col-

onies would need to proclaim themselves a free and independent people? Who knows? They were of English blood, and you know the old song says, "Britons never can be slaves." Had George the Third been a little more English in his nature, and a little less German, he would have remembered that fact.

Be that as it may we can see how much was depending on Rodney's ride and I will give you here some stirring verses on this important event which I think every boy and girl should commit to memory.

RODNEY'S RIDE*

(July, 3 1776)

In that soft midland where the breezes bear
The North and the South on the genial air,
Through the County of Kent, on affairs of state,
Rode Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Burly and big and bold and bluff,
In his three-cornered hat, and his suit of snuff,
A foe to King George and the English state,
Was Cæsar Rodney, the delegate.

Into Dover village he rode apace,
And his kinsfolk knew from his anxious face,

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It was matter grave that had brought him there,
To the "counties three upon Delaware."

"Money and men, we must have," he said,
"Or the Congress fails and our cause is dead,
Give us both and the king shall not work his will,
We are men since the blood of Bunker Hill."

Comes a rider swift on a panting bay:
"Hello, Rodney, ho! you must save the day!
For the Congress halts at a deed so great,
And your vote alone may decide its fate."

Answered Rodney then; "I will ride with speed;
It is Liberty's stress, it is Freedom's need.
When stands it?" "To-night, not a minute to spare,
But ride like the wind from the Delaware."

"Ho, saddle the black! I've but half a day,
And the Congress sits eighty miles away,
But I'll be in time, if God gives me grace,
To shake my fist in King George's face."

He is up! He is off! and the black horse flies
On the northward road ere the "Godspeed" dies.
It is gallop and spur as the leagues they clear,
And the clustering mile-stones lay a-rear.

It is two of the clock, and the fleet hoofs fling
The Fieldboro dust with a clang and cling.
It is three; and he gallops with slack rein where
The road winds down to the Delaware.

Four; and he spurs into Newcastle town,
From his panting steed he gets him down,
"A fresh one quick; not a moment's wait" —
And off speeds Rodney the delegate."

It is five, and the beams of the western sun
Tinge the spires of Wilmington gold and dun.
Six; and the dust of the Chester street
Flies back in a cloud from his courser's feet.

It is seven; the "horse boat" broad of beam,
At the Schuylkill ferry crawls over the stream,
And at seven fifteen by the Rittenhouse clock,
He flings his rein to the tavern Jock.

The Congress is met; the debate is begun,
And Liberty lags for the vote of one,
When into the hall, not a moment late,
Walks Cæsar Rodney the delegate.

Not a moment late, and that half-day's ride
Forwards the world with a mighty stride;
For the Act was passed ere the midnight stroke
O'er the Quaker City its echoes woke.

At Tyranny's feet was the gauntlet flung;
"We are free!" all the bells through the colonies rung.
And the sons of the free may recall with pride
The stirring story of Rodney's ride.

— Elbridge S. Brooks

October Thirty-first

ALL HALLOW EVEN ("HALLOW E'EN")

November First is a church day called "All Saints' Day," and from this fact the last evening in October takes its name, although in actual deed it is not, as we all know, a "holy eve."

The service on "All Saints' Day" is a solemn, religious one, and it seems very unfitting that the evening before should be given over to the wild, senseless, practices with which we are all too familiar.

The custom of keeping the night of October 31 has come to us from the Druids. You will remember they were heathen priests who taught their strange religion to the ancient people living in Great Britain, in certain parts of France and in Germany, and who were called Celts. The wild lawlessness of this holiday, however, did not come from the Druids. They kept it as a solemn, religious festival. Three times each year they lighted great bonfires in honor of the sun which they worshipped. They lighted one

on May first, in order that there might be a good time for seed planting, another on June 21, that everything might ripen well, another on October 31, that all the crops might be safely harvested. The fire lighting on the last named date being the final one of the year, it was made a very solemn ceremony. In every section of the country there was a sacred cairn, this was a large mound of stones, and on the top of this was a sacred fire which was never allowed to go out, until put out on the night of October 31. In those days they had not learned the art of kindling fires quickly, therefore fire seemed to them a mysterious and wonderful thing.

The priests on the eve of November first, gathered around the sacred cairns wherever they were built. They wore white robes, and the people waited in silence while the priests said the prayers for the safe in-gathering of the harvests; then at the proper moment they quenched the sacred fire. As soon thereafter as it was possible a new fire was kindled on the sacred cairn, and as it gleamed up in the darkness the people raised a great shout. Presently other fires appeared on the surrounding hill-tops and then the people were satisfied, for they believed everything was safe for another year.

When this solemn service was over, the

people scattered to their homes, each head of a family taking some of the sacred fire with him to kindle the fire on his own hearthstone, which had also been put out. By kindling the fire anew in this way, they were supposed to turn aside all evil and harm from themselves and families.

When the Celts were converted to the Christian religion, they were unwilling to give up the fire-lighting. This is not at all strange, for there is certainly a witchery about a night bonfire, which we never outgrow. The church saw this, and so, to turn their thoughts away from the sun worship they made November first into the Christian day called "All Saints," and arranged appropriate services therefor.

The custom of playing tricks on Hallowe'en came from the old idea that this is "witches' night," and that all the strange and wild powers of the air, are abroad to do mischief, but just when and where this thought arose, no one seems to know.

The Romans kept a feast on November first to Pomona the goddess of fruits and nuts. She was very careful of her treasures, and was said to keep her orchards safely locked. Just how she managed to *lock up* an orchard, the story does not explain. To win her favor so

that she would open her stores to poor mortals, they made this great feast to her once a year. From the celebration of this feast to Pomona, has naturally arisen the custom of serving fruits and nuts on Hallowe'en.

You will now see, I am sure, that the keeping of this evening is a strange mixture of many old customs.

After all, it is a great change from the solemn service of the Druids, even though full of wrong ideas, to the wild rowdyism of the present day Hallowe'en.

The true spirit of this time should be, hospitality, good fellowship, and harmless merry-making.

Last Thursday in November

THANKSGIVING DAY

Many hundred years ago in a certain autumn time, there was a great stir among the Wampanoag Indians, at Pokanoket.*

This place was the royal home of Massasoit, king of the powerful Indian tribe of Wampanoag, and you will not be surprised at the commotion among these Indians when I tell you what had happened.

Massasoit had made a treaty with the white settlers at Plymouth, and now they had sent a messenger to him, inviting him to come with his warriors and keep a great feast with his "pale face" brethren. The messenger further told them that the good Governor Bradford had sent four men into the woods with their guns to bring back wild turkeys, partridges, and deer, that there might be a great feast for all. It was to be their first day of Thanksgiving for the many blessings which they had received from Heaven.

* The royal seat of Massasoit was Mount Hope in Bristol, R. I.

Then Massasoit and ninety of his men gladly set out for the little colony of seven houses. History tells us that they brought great quantities of venison with them, and that they spent three days feasting thereon. One Thanksgiving day was not enough for them, you see. We can easily imagine that they enjoyed the many other good things which the wives and daughters of the settlers, being English women, knew so well how to prepare.

There is an interesting poem by Margaret J. Preston, entitled "The First Thanksgiving Day," in which occur the following verses:

*We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our hand in Devon,
— Ah! they are the lightest losses we suffer for love of Heaven —
But see in our open clearing, how golden the melons lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices and give us the pumpkin pie.

. . .

And then as the feast was ended, with gravely official air
The Governor drew his broadsword out from its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail! Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee, Prince of Thanksgiving Day!"

*Reprinted by permission of the publisher, Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company.

If this is not a true incident it certainly ought to have been.

This was in the year 1621. Just stop for a moment and think how long ago that was, and how different was the country in which stood these seven houses of the Plymouth Colony, from our great and glorious land to-day! A wild place it was then, indeed, with its great forests, full of game, to be sure, but at the same time peopled with fierce and unfriendly Indians. It is true there were a few white settlements in the land, but they were so far away that they could be of neither use nor comfort to those lonely pilgrims.

There are three things which I wish you to notice in this call for a Thanksgiving Day: First, although during the short time that these settlers had been in Plymouth they had known more hardships than pleasures, they were called together to give thanks for their blessings. Our Pilgrim forefathers are often pictured as cross-grained, stern men, who seldom smiled, and never laughed, yet the call was to *rejoice*, not to whine and mourn over the things they could not help. Second, they were filled with brotherly love, else they would not have cared to rejoice *together*. Third, they meant to treat all people alike.

The word was not that there would be a feast for the "Winslows" and the "Whites" and others of the favored few, but it was to be the whole Colony. Everybody, even their newly made, ignorant Indian friends, was to share in the joy and good cheer.

There were many other Thanksgiving Days after this first one, but it remained a purely New England feast until more than a hundred years later, when, during the war of the Revolution, the different colonies were called upon by the Continental Congress to set aside certain days for Thanksgiving.

There, however, could not be a national Thanksgiving at this time, for there was no nation, they were only a number of colonies, loosely held together by the Continental Congress, struggling toward the right to be called a nation.

When the Revolution was over and the Congress adopted the Constitution of the United States in 1789, then they were truly a nation. Just before this Congress adjourned, a man named Boudinot moved that the President recommend a day of Thanksgiving, to be observed by all the people, to give thanks for the new Constitution which had been peaceably adopted. Strange to say, some of the members

objected to this on the ground that it was imitating European customs, and they said, also, that they would better wait, before being thankful for the new Constitution, until they had found out how well it worked.

Notwithstanding these objections, the motion was carried, and Washington appointed Thursday, November 26, as a "National Thanksgiving Day."

Gradually, however, this notion of a national Thanksgiving seems to have fallen away. Just when or why the break occurred no one seems to know, but it probably came from the desire of each state to run its own affairs. Be that as it may, before the outbreak of the Civil War each state appointed its own Thanksgiving Day, so that many of them fell on different dates, although all came in the month of November.

Indeed, we have heard of a little girl who, after enjoying a Thanksgiving celebration in her own home, was taken to another state to visit relatives, and there she was treated to a second Thanksgiving feast. Wasn't she lucky? Thus, you see, if one wished to travel about he might, under those rules for keeping this day, enjoy four of the great holidays in one month.

During the war, a noted woman, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale of Philadelphia, sent to President

Lincoln a copy of Washington's Thanksgiving Proclamation. President Lincoln took the hint, and in 1860 he appointed the last Thursday in November as the "National" day of Thanksgiving, thus carrying out the great Washington's intention that all the people should rejoice and give thanks on the same day.

I will copy for you here an old poem which may help you to hold the true Thanksgiving spirit in your hearts.

GIVING TO GOD

O Lord of heaven and earth and sea!
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee
Who giveth all — who giveth all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruit thy love declare;
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Who giveth all — who giveth all.

For peaceful homes and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Who giveth all — who giveth all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,

What can to Thee, O, Lord, be given,
Who giveth all — who giveth all?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,
We have, as treasures without end,
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who giveth all — who giveth all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to Thee,
Who giveth all — who giveth all.

— Christopher Wordsworth, D. D.

December Twenty-Second

FOREFATHER'S DAY

You have all heard, I am sure, of the great steamships which now cross the broad Atlantic Ocean in less than two weeks' time, perhaps some of you have been on board of one of these "floating palaces," as they are well named. If you have, you know how everything is arranged to make the passengers happy and comfortable while taking the trip.

The journey taken in this way is something to look forward to with joy and not fear. But, when our forefathers, who settled this great country, crossed "the big water," as the Indians called it, it was a very different matter. Our Pilgrim forefathers, who sailed across in the little ship *Mayflower*, were two long months on the ocean; think of that!

"But who were the Pilgrims, and how did they differ from other settlers in other parts of the new country?" you ask.

In the country over the sea called England,

where so many great and good things (and also, we must confess some queer things) have been done, there was a great queen named Elizabeth who made a law that all worship in the churches should be carried on in a certain way.

Some of the people objected to this law so strongly that they withdrew from the English church and set up a way of their own in which to worship.

These people were given various names, among others was that of Puritan. This name was given them because they believed in a pure and holy life.

When Queen Elizabeth died, and a man called James the First became King, he made the lives of these Puritans very hard, because he was determined that they should worship God in the way that the church said and not in their own way.

By and by many of these Puritans decided to leave their beloved England since the King would not let them alone. So they settled in Holland. We know they could not have been very happy there, so far from their native island, and among a people whose language they could neither speak nor understand.

While living in Holland wonderful stories were brought to them, from time to time, about

the new and broad country across the sea to which many of their fellow Englishmen had gone and founded a colony which they called Virginia, after the Virgin Queen Elizabeth.

They became so interested in the stories about this new colony, that they finally wrote to some of their friends who still remained in England, asking them to persuade the king to give them permission to go to that wonderful new land.

When this permission was at last granted they returned to England to arrange for the long voyage across that wide Atlantic Ocean, of which they knew but little.

They hired a good ship called the *Mayflower*, and having loaded her with plenty of provisions, besides all the other things that would be needed in the new country, away they went, full of hope and joy, you may be sure.

They were now called the Pilgrims, because of their wanderings, first to the queer little country of Holland, then across the sea to a country of which they knew even less than they had known of Holland. But their hearts were full of high hopes, for they had been told that Virginia was a land of sunshine and flowers and gentle air.

The captain of the *Mayflower*, however, was

not a good man. Instead of taking them, as he had promised, to the mild climate of Virginia, he took the ship to a bleak, barren northern shore. They begged him to move on southward to the green and sunny coast of which they had dreamed, but he declared that he would carry them no farther, and more than that, he roughly bade them hurry themselves about getting off his ship and upon the uninviting shore. They were truly in a sad case. There were one hundred and two people to be given food and shelter through the winter which would soon be upon them.

Besides all this, they had a writing from the king granting them land in Virginia, and under that writing John Carver was to be their Governor by the King's order, but if they went ashore at this place they were under no laws and also had no rights.

So a paper was drawn up saying that all the signers thereof would obey any laws that might be made thereafter, and then every man among them put his name thereto. When this was done they felt they had something to stand by. They then chose John Carver their Governor, and all things thus being in order they chose sixteen men, who were armed and sent ashore to see what sort of a land they had found.

They brought back the report that the land was nothing but a lot of sand-hills, and no one was pleased with the new place. The next day was Sunday and so they all stayed on the ship, but on Monday many people went ashore.

It is told in the history of that time, which was written by one of the party, William Bradford, that the women also went ashore to do some washing, which was much needed after the long sea voyage. In those days washing was done by pounding the clothes with heavy wooden bats. They had brought with them a little fishing shallop, and as this needed some repairs it was taken ashore for the carpenters to work upon.

While all this bustling work was going on, the women pounding the clothes, the men pounding nails and sawing boards, some other men set out to see what they could discover. They had not gone more than a mile from their friends when they saw five or six men whom they supposed to be Indians, but as soon as the Indians saw the strangers, they whistled to the dog that was with them and ran off as fast as their legs could go, which was pretty fast.

The white men, loaded as they were with their guns and knapsacks, their swords and

breastplates, could not catch them, although they chased them all that day and part of the next. They were lost in the woods too, and were nearly dead with fatigue. They had a dreadful time indeed and were no doubt sorry that they had tried to overtake the Indians.

By and by they came to a spring of delicious water, which refreshed them very much and also cheered their spirits. They felt that they had, after all, come to a goodly land, since pure water bubbled so freely from the ground.

So they kept on, finding many deserted wigwams and fields from which the crops had been taken. Later they came upon some large mounds of sand and on digging into these with their swords — they had no other tools with them, they found great quantities of Indian corn. As this was their first sight of this useful grain, although they had heard much about it, they carried all they could back to the ship with them. Later they found the Indians who owned the corn and paid for it, so history tells us.

A second party starting out soon after this were attacked by some Indians, but the white men's muskets quickly routed them, and as not one of the Pilgrims was hurt, they were very happy over their escape. This they named "The First Encounter."

Almost a whole month was spent on this coast, the people waiting on the ship while picked men sailed around in the shallop, going ashore often, and thus trying to find a place for their new home. Meanwhile the captain was scolding at the delay.

Finally a pilot named Robert Coppin proposed that they should sail in the shallop around a certain high headland which could be seen on clear days. This suggestion met with favor at once, and a third searching party was then made up to find out what was hidden behind the headland which rose like a great barrier before them.

This party, after many adventures, which cannot be told here, brought back a good report of a large, open space of cleared land, a running brook and a noble forest some distance from the shore. The *Mayflower* immediately weighed anchor and sailed away to the new bay.

So the choice was made, after much talking and more exploring, and at last all the people went on shore. It is a tradition that a woman was the first one to press her feet upon the rock which lay on the strand, and which seemed to serve as a sort of stepping stone. This stone is now called Plymouth Rock, and is kept as a sacred relic at New Plymouth, Massachusetts.

Of course the women and children had to stay on the *Mayflower* until houses could be built, but the men at once went to work with a will. A long, hard winter followed, and a dreadful sickness came upon them which carried off more than half of their number. These troubles made the work of building go on very slowly, so it was not until March that the last person left the *Mayflower* to stay.

One bright day in March, when the men of the little settlement were standing in front of their storehouse, making some plans about their village affairs, a tall, fine-looking Indian walked down the one street of the village and coming up to them, said very plainly, "Welcome, Englishmen."

How surprised and pleased they were, and they gathered eagerly about him pouring out questions.

He told them that his home was far from there, and that he had seen other Englishmen who had come around his home fishing for cod; from them he had learned something of the English language. He told them his name was Samoset and that the place where they had settled was called Patuxet.

This name, however, the settlers changed

some time in 1621 to Plymouth, after a place of that name in England.

Samoset also told them that about four years before, all the Indians in the place had died of a dreadful plague. This explained why they had found so much land cleared and also so many deserted wigwams. Samoset knew all about the "First Encounter." The Indians he said, were Nausets. Thus, you see, although they had no newspapers, telegraphs, telephones, or railroads in those days, they managed to get news carried about. Samoset said the Indians were afraid of the English, because once a wicked Englishman had come there and carried off many of them to be slaves. He was well treated by the settlers, and he stayed all night with them, although it must be confessed that they were a little afraid that he might be deceiving them and be, after all, only a spy sent to find out all about them. He went away peaceably, however, and soon after he came again bringing other friendly Indians with him. When he came again for the third time he brought with him an Indian named Squanto, who also could speak English.

They then told him that Sachem Massasoit, of the powerful tribe of the Wampanoags, was coming soon to visit his white brethren. The

settlers felt somewhat anxious about this visit, but when King Massosoit came, soon after, he proved to be very friendly. He and the Pilgrims then made a treaty never to harm each other and this treaty was never broken.

Everything now looked bright and hopeful for the colonists; they had nothing to fear from the Indians; the sickness was over; those who were left, although their hearts were sad over their lost friends, were gaining in strength every day; planting time had come, they were all comfortably housed, so the captain of the *Mayflower* thought it was a good time for him to be off for old England before something else happened to keep him on this side of the world.

So when the *Mayflower* sailed away, the last tie was broken which held the settlers to their native land.

But the Pilgrims were Pilgrims no longer, they had found a *home*.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as a conqueror comes
They, the true hearted came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Not as the fleeing come
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang,
To the anthem of the tree.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white waved foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Among that Pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Aye, call it holy ground
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

— Felicia Hemans



ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE SHEPHERDS *Plockhorst*

December Twenty-fifth

CHRISTMAS DAY

You have heard, no doubt, of the many queer ways in which people of other lands celebrate the dear Christmas time, but have you ever been told that even in our own United States there are many different ways of keeping this day?

When the part of the country called the New England States was settled by the Pilgrim Fathers, Christmas was not honored. Indeed there was at one time a law in Massachusetts, forbidding anyone to celebrate Christmas Day. It was one of the great festivals of the church from which they had separated themselves, and since you have kept Forefather's Day and have learned all about the Pilgrims, you can understand why they would have nothing to do with Christmas. Aren't you glad you were not a girl or boy in those far-off times? Just think for a minute of all that the Pilgrim children missed. No stocking hanging, no candle-lit

Christmas trees, no evergreen, holly, or mistletoe, nor any of the sweet surprises that make this the "day of days."

Things are different there now, of course, but it is said, that even yet, in some of the small towns and country places of New England they make much more of Thanksgiving then they do of Christmas.

How different is a Christmas at the South! If you had never been told about their celebration and then chanced to be there on Christmas Eve, and to be awake about midnight, you would think things were dreadfully mixed up and that it was the Fourth of July instead of Christmas. Fire-crackers, pistols, guns, make all the noise possible to them, while all the bells in town are rung.

The Southern States, you must remember, were settled by people very different from the Pilgrims, and they thought that Christmas was *the* day of the year, so they loved to make it the jolliest, noisiest time that they could possibly stir up.

The darkies, like the grownup children that many of them are, look forward to this day throughout the year.

In the old days of slavery, every darky had the right to say to every white person whom he

met, "Chris'mus gif', Mas'r," "Chris'mus gif', Missus," and a trifling present was usually forthcoming.

In some remote parts of the South it is said that this custom is still kept up, but it is rarely practiced in the cities, where there are many northerners who do not always take kindly to the ever present "darky."

As Pennsylvania was originally settled by the Quakers, or Friends, Christmas was not celebrated there in the early days. Indeed, it is a tradition in a certain family that an ancestress who was a Quaker preacher, had all her white-washing done on Christmas Day and that her Quaker neighbors gladly followed her example. By this it is not meant that they washed their white clothes on that day, but that they gave the walls of their houses and barns, sometimes both inside and out, several coats of "white-wash," which was made from lime, and which was a very popular way of keeping the fences and all buildings clean in those old times.

Later on, however, when the Germans came into Pennsylvania, Christmas was kept in the good, old German fashion, with the lighted Christmas tree and the coming of the good Christmas Saint who was called "Kriss Kringle."

There is also a character very familiar to all of the children of the Pennsylvania Germans called Pelznickel. He is very unlike Kriss Kringle because he is seen by the children, and he never goes to the unlucky houses where there are only grown people.

It is only the children that he wishes to know about and either reward or punish. He carries a switch and a bag of toys and wherever he stops he says to the parents, "And how have the children been this year?"

Those who have been good receive a present from the bag over his shoulder, while those who have been bad receive a light tap from his switch.

"Whence does he come and where does he go when he has made his rounds?" do you ask? For a true answer to that question you must visit the Pennsylvania Dutch, as they are called, and find out all about that mysterious Pelznickel, but meanwhile, perhaps you can guess something about his movements.

Another kind of people, called the Moravians, live in and around the city of Bethlehem on the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania. Although they originally came from Germany they do not, like the Germans, keep Christmas as a time of merrymaking. On the contrary it is a religious

service in honor of the birth of our Saviour. They have no stocking hanging, no lighted trees, no Santa Claus driving through the air behind reindeer and then stealing in unseen into the children's homes.

Instead of all these, they have what is called "The Putz."

This is a copy of the birthplace of Christ, a lowly stable with the star hanging above it; the Shepherds with their adoring faces turned toward the sky, the wise men kneeling with their gifts before the straw-filled manger, in which lies the Infant Jesus.

Whatever services or celebrations may be held in a Moravian home, they all center around this tender representation called "The Putz."

Among all the different ways of celebrating Christmas there is one great thought which should be remembered, which is, that the Christ Child was born to bring good will or loving kindness upon the earth.

It is often quite easy to put this spirit into all that we do on Christmas Day, but how soon we forget, and allow cross and harsh feelings to rankle in our hearts. If we could only keep the true Christmas spirit with us the whole year round, how different this world would be.

JUST YOU AND I

"Good will and peace"; sweetest syllables they,
Which all the wide world are singing to-day,
And are we making them, just you and I,
Earnest and true as the day hastens by?

"Good will, peace," are these sweet syllables three,
More than smooth rhythm to you and to me?
Good will in the heart must scatter good deeds,
Deeds full of love which the world sorely needs.

"Good will and peace." If their meaning so deep
Each in his own little circle should keep,
How gladly the days would go whirling by,
Come, let us begin it, just you and I.

Good will for the dull, the stranger, the bore,
All the unbidden who pause at our door.
Good will for the child, the lonely and sad,
As well as the thriving, giddy and glad.

Sweet peace in our hearts, forgotten all strife,
Quarrels made up, since so short is this life.
Then "Peace on the earth and good will to men,"
We'll sing, you and I, again and again.

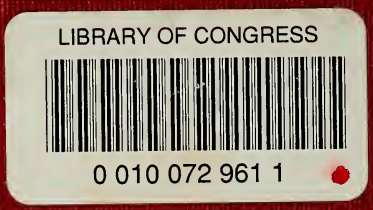
Yes, sing it with heart as well as with voice,
And help the whole world with us to rejoice.
Yes, all the year long, through good and through ill,
For "peace" let us strive with hearty "good will."

— Clara J. Denton

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